Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiseman and a foole.

Kent. Alasse sir, sit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these;
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, such sheetes of fire,
Such bursts of horrid thunder, such grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
Vndivulged crimes,, vnwhipt of Iustice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,
Caytiffe in peeces shake, that vnder couert
And conuenient seeming, hast practised on mans life,
Close pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,
I am a man more sind against their sinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, repose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted curtesie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
The art of our necessities is strange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it

it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloceſter, and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Vnnaturall dealing, when I desired their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke from me
The vse of mine owne house, chargd me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
Entreate for him, nor any way sustaine him.

Baſt. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (Dul

Gloſt. Go too, say you nothing, there's a diuision betwixt the
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my Closet, these iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home;
There's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him,
And priuily releeue him; go you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed, though I die for it, as no lesse is threatned me,
The King my old Master must be releeued, there is
Some strange thing toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Baſt. This courtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke instantly kn
And of that letter to, this seemes a faire deseruing,
And must draw to me that which my father loses, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rises when the old do fall.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the
rany of the open night's too ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter